

**Castanets are sounding**

Come, O come!  
 Castanets are gaily sounding;  
 Light feet to their notes are bounding;  
 Merry dance and joyous song  
 Gladden now that happy throng.  
 Never, never yet did music's measure.

*Refrein*

*Bear such thrilling notes of pleasure;  
 Hearts and eyes are filled with glee,  
 And gayest of the gay we'll be.*

Day is past:  
 Stars now brightly beam above us,  
 Hearts are near that fondly love us;  
 Sweet guitar and mandolin  
 Give new pleasure to the scene.  
 Come, then come! never yet did music's  
 measure.

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